

character of Norval. Thereupon the great tragedian rose, and, bowing with comic gravity, said: "Mr. Wood, I was that young gentleman."

The actors were delighted to see that Wood had betrayed himself into a compliment unintentionally, when Wood exclaimed: "Well, sir, you have never done so well since."

Mr. Jefferson, on his visit to Pekin, Illinois, called on the editor of a newspaper of that town, and in their conversation the editor said that he had something appertaining to the actor that he thought would interest him. Going to his bookcase with a bland smile, he brought forth the city directory, in which were pasted sundry newspaper cuttings. The editor proudly held up the book, and this is what Jefferson read:

"In April, 1857, Mr. Jefferson appeared in this city in the opera house that formerly had been a stable, and on which site to-day stands the St. Mary's Catholic Church. It was during this performance in one of the most pathetic scenes between his wife and himself in 'Rip Van Winkle' that the pigs underneath the stage made such a rumpus, spoiling the scene. Mrs. Jefferson, who was of a very nervous temperament, lost control of herself and burst out crying. The jovial Rip, quick as a flash, raised his cup, and bowing gallantly to his wife said: 'Here's to your good health and your family's and the little piggies. May they all live long and prosper!'"

Mr. Jefferson also relates the following: "In the village of Catskill there is a Rip Van Winkle Club. The society did me the honor to invite me to act the character in their town. I accepted, and when I arrived was met by the president and other members of the club, among whom was young Nicholas Vedder, who claimed to be a lineal descendant of the original 'old Nick.' I was taking a cup of tea at the table in the hotel, when I was attracted to the colored waiter, who was giving a vivid and detailed account of the legend of the Catskill Mountains to one of the boarders who sat nearly opposite me.

"Yes, sah," said the waiter, 'Rip went up into de mountains, slep' for twenty years, and when he come back here in dis bery town his own folks didn't know him.'

"Why," said his listener, 'you don't believe the story's true?'

"True? Ob course it is! Why, pointing at me, 'dat's de man.'

"When I got to the theater," said Jefferson, "I scarcely could get in, the crowd was so great about the door. In the scene in the last act, when Rip inquires of the innkeeper, 'Is this the village of Falling Water?' I altered the text and substituted the correct name, 'Is this the village of Catskill?'"

"The name of the village seemed to bring home the scene to every man, woman and child that was looking at it. From that time on the interest was at its full tension. I never had seen an audience so struck with the play.

"There was a reception held at the club after the play, and the president was so nervous that he introduced me as Washington Irving."

There is a story of Jefferson which, although it is not entirely new, the actor himself is fond of repeating. He was asked, some fourteen years ago, to spend a week with a Scotch peer. Among the guests was a haughty and brilliant woman, who was the daughter of an earl.

"I suppose," said Jefferson, "that there must have been a homespun flavor in my American manner that amused her, for she persisted in quizzing me about America.

"But when I discovered that I was being made game of I felt, for the honor of my country, that if ever she made another thrust at me I should parry it if I could. I had not long to wait, for emboldened by her success, she soon turned upon me and said:

"By the by, have you met the Queen lately?"

"No, madam," I replied with perfect seriousness. "I was out when her majesty called upon me."

"She colored slightly, and then turned

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away and never spoke to me again But I was revenged."

A number of years ago Jefferson played a one-night engagement in a small Indiana town, appearing in his favorite character. In the hotel at which he stopped was an Irishman recently "landed," who acted as porter and general assistant. Judged by the deep and serious interest which he took in the house, he might have been clerk, lessee and proprietor, combined into one. At about six o'clock in the morning Jefferson was startled by a violent thumping on his door. When he struggled into consciousness and realized that he had left no "call" order at the office, he was indignant. But his sleep was spoiled for that morning, so he rose, and soon after appeared before the clerk.

"See here," he demanded of that individual, "why was I called at this unearthly hour?"

"I don't know, sir," answered the clerk. "I'll ask Mike."

The Irishman was summoned. Said the clerk: "Mike, there was no call for Mr. Jefferson. Why did you disturb him?"

Taking the clerk by the lapel of the coat, the Hibernian led him to one side, and said in a mysterious whisper: "He was snoring like a horse, sor, and Oi'd heard the boys say as how he were onct afther shlaping for twenty years, so Oi sez to meself, sez I: 'Mike, it's coming onto him again, and it's yer duty to get the craythur out of your house at once.'"

Jefferson once had in his employment a plausible sort of man, half valet, half factotum, grossly incompetent and unsatisfactory, whom he desired to get rid of. It was a certainty that the man drank. Wine from the cellar would mysteriously disappear, and gradually go down in the decanter; but there never was any ocular proof.

"And," said Jefferson, in telling the story to a friend, "there I was. What could I do? However, one day as I was sitting in my library, whom should I see but William come reeling up the walk, drunk as a lord. There was no doubt of it. My opportunity had come after many years. I waited for him. I would tell him how drunk he was. He would deny it, of course. He would insist that he was perfectly sober, and that I was the one who was drunk. But I should have the calm consciousness of right on my side, and my excuse for sending him away would be sufficient. So when William appeared in my room I gazed at him with all the severity that I could summon, and said:

"William, you are drunk!"

"He returned my look with perfect imperturbability. 'Mr. Jefferson,' said he, 'I am more than that—I am very drunk, sir.'

"And," continued Jefferson, "will you tell me what I could do? He took the wind out of my sails. He proved himself a perfectly truthful man, and I couldn't discharge a man for telling the truth, could I?"

Peter F. Dailey's leading support when he starred in "Hodge, Podge & Co." was Christie MacDonald, now the wife of William Winter Jefferson, a son of the famous comedian. While Dailey and his company were playing in Washington, Jefferson dropped into town to see his fiancée. On the opening evening he occupied a box at the theater, and when Dailey saw him a merry light glittered in the comedian's eye. In the second act of the play Dailey and Miss MacDonald had a humorous duet to sing. Before beginning the song, Dailey said solemnly: "Now Christie, he came all the way from Palm Beach to hear you sing. Everyone in the audience knows you are engaged, and that he is in the lower right-hand box; so do your nicest."

Needless to say, the audience took the cue, and all eyes were directed toward Jefferson. He fled precipitately, while Miss MacDonald grew crimson, and was obliged to go into the wings to recover her composure. Dailey remained on the stage and enjoyed his joke hugely; so did the audience, but it broke up the performance for a time.